SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Affair of Honor.

The following excellent sermon is written by Frances Kemble, and during a recent visit to Berkeley County, Mass. gave a splendid delivery of it to the Ladies' Society. The Valedictory Address to the Scholars commenced with "Life is before you!" and on that statement as a text she commenced the sermon. The spirit is somewhat too sombre, but the moral noble and true.

"Life is before you!"—and so you go stand, Eager to spring upon the promised land; Fast mutter the way where you your feet have trod, And few high steps upon a flowery sod.

Around ye are 3 realms, present, past, and to your eyes, The present's time but prizes the earth and skies; Dazzled and Flushed with Pleasure, Power and Joy, Friendship sing-songing, Love without alloy.

Have triumphs of noble deed, and laughter free, Like angels hearken ye to vanities me;

And of ever the Future's dim and undiscovered eye, Few of they seem—at least the residence fair;

The distant clouds, which of ye seem to fear Many not a brightness gild them, nor a summer cheer!

Dismay or doubt ye know or not, for the power Of youth is strong within ye, as time is brief;

And the great mortal warfare seems to ye, Not so much strife, as variety of play,

A gay, exciting or interesting!

Life is before ye!—Oh! if ye could look Into the future events and would them shape

Among as ye are, with Youth, and Hope, and Faith, Ye should not, could not, would not go so Deadly!

If the proud Sphinx's Eye might unclose, And utter not a whisper of the secret,

Which most o'ertake ye as your life long draws; Of sad anguish of pang, of bitter tear and woe,

Could ye foresee your spirit's broken wings,

Faint's brightest triangle, what despaired things Friendship may fashion, Love may bind to ye,

Your joy knit narrow, and your sorrow share,

Fast winning brightness and fast losing light,

Oh, could ye see it all!—ye might, ye might Cower at the gloomy vision in affright,

And die, not in beholding what it Life.

Life is before ye!—and so ye go stand, Ye cannot turn,—then take ye up the land.

Not years to tread or leave the unknown ways—

Ye must go on—and on—and on—

Until the Angel Death shall stay your steps,

And God say your souls within you to the dead!

Angels and Friends are with ye!—be ye strong!

What time the brightness grows, the pleasure fails,

The glory dies, the sun goes down, and comes

The awful hill that tent to your trust is given.

Children of God! Inheritors of heaven!

Move not the pretending of each their toy

To more ambitious to do, not to enjoy.

To suffer, which is nobler than to dare

A lofty heritage is this life to bear.

Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,

Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;

Fret not for summer, flatter not for spring,

Put off, repress, quell, all the great ye wish!

Grow pale, grow old, grow weary of the sun!

God grants ye, and God gaved ye on your way.

Young warrior pilgrims on the road of life!

From the Philadelphia Casket

LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S POST FOLIO.

BY MARMA. FOGG.

"A shewing of a heart'ly effect in an entirely acting."

Add's and Bubs' Law Dict.

THE ALIBI.

It was on a sultry summer's noon, in the year 18—, when turning over by way of refreshment, after a morning's hard duty in court, the leaves of a favorite poet, and in the midst of pleasant fancies, my attention was suddenly aroused by the rapid and disorderly approach of a throng of people in full pursuit, as it seemed, in the wake of my office. They were hooting, by way of an escort, the steps of a blustering, authoritative looking man, evidently a officer, who led the way in company with a gentleman of modest mien.

Not knowing the intentions of the crowd, my first impulse was to bar my door; but judge of my astonishment when I recognized the voice of an old friend and fellow collegiate, saying for admittance, and in the accent of the utmost fear. It would seem they had yielded to his entreaties or his way to prison, and permitted him to consult me as his counsel, for I heard him add in a sequence from the tight clutch of the officer, this was a capabear discharge of duty, and the unlatching my door cautiously at the bidding of the latter by the way, having already forced themselves into my office; I was induced to appeal to the officer for Mr. Bluff, I believe you are responsible for the gentleman in custody—I certainly can vouch for his respectability—would you release your hold. I think you will find no further occasion, and since you have been kind enough to bring him here, you surely have sagacity enough to know the object of the visit. He wishes to consult with me in private, and as I am the only one present that have pressed themselves into my office to withdraw, and allow me to take him into the next room. If, however, you are afraid to trust the glass door that he does not escape. I, sir, will be answerable for him."

This had the effect of the charm. He discharged the people, and after assuring himself there would be no escape without a fair warning, had the politeness to bow us together, and patiently wait the end of our interview.

No sooner was the door closed, than my friend gave vent to his feelings, exclaiming with energy "they accuse me of robbery and perhaps murder. Ay wounding a poor old man—you have known me from my boyhood—but long to believe me guilty of such a crime, I am sure you will frankly and kindly and shaking with emotion he he spoke—he fixed his eye vividly upon me, as if to assure me of his innocence, and to watch the result.

I replied that I believed him unequal to the commission of so hideous a deed; then changing his tone into a more cheerful and encouraging tone, stating his eyes upward, and raising his arm in a most impressive manner, he said," before high heaven, I am as innocent and injured one."

The firmness and devotion with which he spoke convinced me, and I felt convinced that had a jury known him as long and well as I, and heard and seen what I did, they could not have acquitted him—so powerful is that eloquence which comes directly from the heart. And here I would say, because I am sure you will find a more appropriate time, that there was hardly a man, woman, or child within miles of his residence, for whom he had not at some time done a kindness. Charles Sedley was beloved by the proud and the humble, by the great and the gay, in short, by all who knew him. "Now, sir," I observed, "there will most be some strange mistake about this, Sedley," he did not, however, notice my remark. His eyes were fixed on the floor, and he seemed lost in thought. Again his manner changed; his countenance became darkened and its expression troubled, as under a storm roughened by a passing blast. Grave doubt, as to motive, and fearful suspicion of darkness from the shadowing of some overhanging thunder cloud. He trembled like if fear, as if conscious of guilt, and perhaps mortal—his eyes were thought; but again suddenly and wonderfully recovering himself, he assumed a calmer tone, though still with a slight tremor, and a preternatural coldness about his eyes. This did not, however, at the time awaken much suspicion, as I attributed it to the excitement of the moment.

When sufficiently composed, I begged him to give me a recital of the occurrences happening previously to his arrest. He told me he was uneasily seated, when in the very act of getting on his horse, that he had heard of the robbery, but was deeply surprised when he was arrested as the author of it, saying with a melancholy smile, "you see I'm a lawyer."

I again begged him to tell me all he knew, freely and plainly. In reply he assured me he had not left his room that morning after that he was assuming himself the comfort of the evening with his flute, and though tempted by the moonlight, he had walked out in the earlier part of it, but had returned long before ten o'clock. He, therefore, could not look for a guiltless man. Some what ruffled at what I thought an unnatural calmness of manner, I told him I hoped the court and jury would think as he did. Perhaps I spoke with harshness; but I wished to try its effect upon my friend. I continued, "was there any one with you when you walked out and returned?"

"Yes—"

"Who?" I asked with eagerness.

"My dog——"

"You surely understand me, was there any friend in your company at the time?"

"I tell you," and as he spoke, a tear quietly stole into his eye—"my dog was my only friend"—who could not find no touching a reply!

I dropped the conversation, satisfied there were facts, which, if communicated, must throw light upon the affair, and equally convinced that Sedley's memory was somewhat impaired, but would, doubtless, be restored after a little quiet and repose; as I proposed to go him again early in the morning, but added that I was afraid I should not be able to procure his release on bail.

He bore root and occasion to leave, saying, "that an innocent man need not be afraid of—the waits would speak—spectres must alarm the guilty—conscious shall not interrupt me—I can rest in repose in reliant as it—the solitude of the prison will be friendly to meditation"—and slightly smiling, he continued, "you know I can flute the opera! I am writing——

This last observation again fixed my attention; for the easy, satisfied manner in which it was spoken alleged suspicion.

"You will see me then in person, my dear fellow—I am ready to go with you, Mr. Officer."

I replied I would call on him in the morning, and left him, to make, requesting an arrangement that would conduce to his comfort.

"You will take care, Mr. Bluff," said I, "that Mr. Sedley is comfortably provided for"—but nothing untruly in a lower and repressing tone, "how is it, sir, you treated this gentleman so roughly, pulling him violently from his horse, when he showed no disposition to break away?"

"*I* violently dragged him from his horse,"—exclaimed the man—with an astonishment which could not be counterfeited, and which induced me to say.

"Not so loud, I beg of you," but he continued,

"Why, sir, I treated him in the politest manner, calling him to me as he passed me on the road, that he as politely went with me!—and how, added the officer, with a most logical air, "could he be a prisoner, or bewitched, who his horse was all night in the stable?"

"Pray are there not more horses in the world than one?"

"Umph—to be sure, sir, but then Bill Richards' one severe point-blank before the magistrate that he saw Mr. Sidney knock the man off his horse, and take his money, and that he could n't be mistaken, for he knew his roan well, and saw him before the robbery, in the very way he passed me, and there 's for your prisoner, Cicero! I mean—he prepared for the worst, sir"—he continued, with a great deal of energy, in a mixture of spite, as it would seem to vindicate his character for skill and last said. Not caring, however, to notice it, I said,

"What do you speak of Mr. Bluff—what was the name of the witness?"

"Richardson——"

At the sounding of the person to whom he referred, yet, I thought it my duty to glean from one of these handles of the law,—who generally know more than they choose to tell,—what facts the advocate—whatever might aid my client, or affect a valuable hint. "Ah! I see how it is Sedley, you have been taken back a little on the case, Bill in the way of inquiry, and yet of fully apprized of the fact"—a friend of Mr. Sidney this must be a bad case."

"Can't tell you," replied the man sharply, "whether he 's a friend or an enemy," cut in spite of all I said he would tell me nothing more. "Is finding him intractable, I dropped the conversation.

Sidney again wrung me affectionately by the hand, and begged me he should expect me early the next morning, left me involved in the most painful conjectures. These contradictions were still more perplexing, and the only way in which I could reconcile them was by indulging the belief that my friend's memory had become somewhat confused by the shock of his arrest, and the glow once that he does not escape. I, sir, will be answerable for him."

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ment among the passengers in the neighborhood,
number of whom, with the assistance of some
Indians, went in pursuit of the murderers. They
formed two small detachments, which set out in
the most desperate of the gang, was shot through
the head with a rifle ball and killed. The other
two were again taken to Opelousas and imprison-
ed. A few days after, they were released on an
awful neglect on the part of the jailor, the door
of the prison was left unlocked, and the wretches
effected escape.

We give the particulars as we have received
from from a gentleman direct from Opelousas.—
Baltimore Republican.

Slaughter Lawsuit.

As English paper says, that a curious lawsuit
now going on in Perth in Glengarry, between a
tailor and a cattle dealer. The butcher had
paid 1000 florins to the dealer, who, sometime
afterwards, gave him as he was at dinner,
and had down a note for 1000 florins, thanking
him at the same time for the loan. The window
being open the note was blown by a gust of wind
into the street. The butcher took it up, and
not holding it by the corner to allow the grease
to drain off, it was seized by his dog and anni-
hilated. The butcher had then nothing, the
dog shouted himself, and did not return until the
evening, when he was killed and opened; but the
note was, of course, by this time wholly digest-
ed. The butcher has brought an action for the
1000 florins, which the dealer refuses to pay
any time, considering that, the note having gone
into the hands of the butcher, he alone ought to
support the loss.

Mr. J. P. Kennedy, gave his last Concert at
Boston, on Saturday night.

GENERAL NEWS.

From Mexico.—An arrival at New Orleans from Matamoras, brought accounts to the 25th of February. Little, however, has transpired as to the movements of the Mexican troops. The garrison at Matamoras had been reinforced, and then consisted of about two thousand men. We learn nothing about the advance of the other troops which were said to be on their March from the interior of Mexico to attack Texas. Colonly by no means the characteristics of the Mexican generals—the summer may be advanced before they come within gun-shot of the Texans, if they come at all.

Accident.—A distressing accident occurred at Avon, N. Y. last Tuesday, the 10th inst. Asahel Rice, aged 15, son of Oliver Rice, Esq. was accidentally shot, and died in a few hours. He was out with a company of lads on a squirrel hunt. One of the company having cocked his rifle for a shot, but immediately losing sight of the game, in changing his position to regain it, the rifle accidentally was discharged while resting across his arm, and the contents passed through the breast of one of the others, received the ball in the back and through the lungs.

Havana Cold Mine.—Great enthusiasm prevails at Havana on the subject of the lately discovered coal mine. A company has been formed, that is insendustry to commence the working the same, and the construction of a railroad. The editor of the Havana avers that the shores of the bay, which are 4000 ough, will shortly sell for $1000. He says there is no guess-work about this—he knows it.

Malt used by the London Brewers in 1839.—The total quantity of malt used by the public brewers in London, in the year ending October 10th, 1839, was 750,179 qrs. being an increase of 7574 qrs. over the year preceding; of which increase, our brewery alone, that of Barclay, Perkins & Co. consumed 5,000 qrs. more than the quantity brewed by that establishment in the time before stated was 114,287 qrs.

The Ex-Queen of Spain.—Bombay correspondent of the New York Express says that the slaves of British India are of two kinds—Agrestic slaves and domestic slaves. The number may be estimated at 600,000, which we believe was the number emancipated in the British colonies. In Malabar alone they may be counted at 100,000 agrestic slaves.

Gov. Reed in his late message has the following thrilling passage:

We escaped a war just occurred for lasting, the murderous of the Dago brought from Cuba. It is still believed, however, that they may be used with effect; and why should they not be used? If Cubans and insurrection and, by way we will find our property and our lives even with the blood hounds! Shall we look upon our ruined dwellings upon the smoldering and mangled bodies of men, women and children, and then meekly say, "the poor Indians have done this—we will be merciful and humane to them, for we will not set our dogs upon them—oh! no, that would be more terrible than these brutalities." Those who can walk from Indian cruelty, in distant cities and peaceable lands, may indulge in gentle strains of humanity and brotherly love—were they dwelling in the midst of Florida, they would not vent their notes to harsher measures. Let these men, in whose hearts there is such a gush of the "milk of human kindness," consider attentively, a scene recently acted in Florida. Major Dade and Mr. Harlana dwelling was burned, and his family murdered in the afternoon of the 29th of January last. Mr. Dade, with his wife and children, and the following account of the return of the unhappy man, with an armed party, on the day after the occurrence.

"On entering at the spot, we found every house reduced to ashes, and at the kitchen door the bones of a portion of the family were found. After examining all around, we saw the track of more than twenty Indians and negros the same course. On the road not far off, we saw articles of clothing, potatoes and papers scattered—about 21 persons armed, now arrived from Isle, among them Mr. Harlan, who in a wretched state of feelings, revealed to us the horrors he had seen, and which believed to be those of his wife and a son, whose body he found among them. One of the company in search behind the house, found Mrs. Dade's watch off, called out, 'Come here Harlan, here is your wife;' joy immediately sprung to my bosom, and I rose on the flame of delight, but alas! what there was a general rush—but he! I found Mrs. H. lying prostrate to the ground, behind some low logs, with her breast on a board, which kept her arms, one in her back, and a fatal shot in the head, which must have been very near, as the brain of the ball were sticking to her head. Her youngest son, say 8 years old, lay by her side, with his skull fractured by a pine stick which lay near him. He exhibited signs of life, and I had him carried in a blanket, where we found a little girl, which were cold, put in warm water, and four hours are now entertained of his recovery. If I can transport the heart-felt joy of Mr. H. embracing his little son, and calling him by his nickname, 'Bobby! Bobby!' with the solemn sound of parental affection, and to the horror ish of dejection, and then running to the corpse of his wife, with his arms around her, crying out 'My wife! my wife! Oh, my wife!' what will know your feelings would have given way as mine for. I had always felt a sympathy for these merciless savages, but my heart now assumed a stern fortitude, and in its center, a hatred for the cruelties of the devilation they had made."

We extend this extract, because the letter of a highly respectable gentleman, without anghsh!

Stop the Murderers.

About six weeks since a negro man was murdered on the Atahchafaya River, by three brothers, notorious desperados and the terror of the neighborhood. Search was made, and they were arrested in Opelousas and imprisoned. A few days after their confinement they broke jail and escaped. They returned to the house of the man whom they had killed, and murdered his wife and two daughters. They murdered the wife also, and then carried off the daughters, whom they compelled to live with them in their lasting place.

The circumstance created a very great excitement among the planters in the neighborhood, number of whom, with the assistance of some Indians, went in pursuit of the murderers. They formed two small detachments, which set out in the most desperate of the gang, was shot through the head with a rifle ball and killed. The other two were again taken to Opelousas and imprisoned. A few days after, they were released on an awful neglect on the part of the jailor, the door of the prison was left unlocked, and the wretches effected escape.

We give the particulars as we have received from from a gentleman direct from Opelousas.—*Baltimore Republican.*

Slaughter Lawsuit.

As English paper says, that a curious lawsuit now going on in Perth in Glengarry, between a tailor and a cattle dealer. The butcher had paid 1000 florins to the dealer, who, sometime afterwards, gave him as he was at dinner, and had down a note for 1000 florins, thanking him at the same time for the loan. The window being open the note was blown by a gust of wind into the street. The butcher took it up, and not holding it by the corner to allow the grease to drain off, it was seized by his dog and annihilated. The butcher had then nothing, the dog shouted himself, and did not return until the evening, when he was killed and opened; but the note was, of course, by this time wholly digested. The butcher has brought an action for the 1000 florins, which the dealer refuses to pay any time, considering that, the note having gone into the hands of the butcher, he alone ought to support the loss.

Mr. J. P. Kennedy, gave his last Concert at Boston, on Saturday night.

His Majesty's Logs.—It is said that more than two hundred persons were employed from March to November, 1833, in making the logs worn by Victoria at her marriage.

The "long" well in Kanawha, at the Source of the Ohio measured four yards, and is three-quarters of a yard in depth. The pattern is a rich and beautiful fanciful design, drawn expressly for the purpose, and surpasses any thing that has ever been executed either in England or in Brussels. The machine was the manufactured in her Majesty should have a dress perfectly unique, that in his since the completion of the loom destroyed all the designs. The veil, which is of the finest material, and is made to correspond, affords employment to the poor lace workers for more than six weeks. It is a yard and a half square."

Religion in Cambridge.—A few evenings since, at the Annual Concert of Prayer for Colleges, (Park street, Boston) the Rev. Mr. Adams, gave a somewhat detailed account of the Theological history, so to speak, of Harvard University. He stated, among other things, that in 1740 Whitefield preached in Cambridge, and that there was a revival of religion there—just one hundred years ago; and this he said was the last revival at Harvard. In the time of Whitefield, there were twenty-five students, and thirteen ministers of the gospel. From 1640 to 1700, there were 225 ministers amongst the graduates. From 1700 to 17-36, there were 470 graduates. The first from that time, the number began to decrease. The next 30 years, there were 437; and from that time to 1800, there were only 154.

Queen Victoria's New York Wedding Cake.—The following is the description of the ingredients, and great weight of that Cake—which is to be cut at the Table at Niblo's, on the 26th inst. It is to be of one thousand pounds weight, containing 125 lbs flour, 125 lbs. sugar, 125 lbs. butter, 250 lbs. raisins, 250 lbs. currants—spices &c. in ample proportion. It will, therefore, be much larger than the original wedding cake ordered by the Queen herself, in England, to be served up at the banquet given to the nobility.

Silk in France.—The number of silk looms in France is 84,640, producing annually goods to the value of 311,553,000 francs; of which 70,000,000 fr. are consumed in France, and 136,000,000 fr. exported. There are employed 120,000 weavers, and 130,623,320 fr. worth of raw silk; and the labor amounts to 70,926,670 fr. or about 50 per cent. on the raw material. The value of the capital embarked is 21,000,000 fr. The manufactories of Lyons employ 40,000 looms, 80,000 workmen, and produce 100,000,000 fr. worth of silk.

Home Disaffection.—A good deal of uneasiness has existed lately among the workmen employed by the United States, at the armory at Springfield, Massachusetts. It seems that a newly elevated pattern for muskets has been lately adopted by the War Department, which requires much more labor to finish the arms, and yet no allowance is made for the extra work. Against this the workmen remonstrate, as unjust to them, in having necessarily the effect to reduce their compensation from one-quarter to one-third.

The New York State Loan for $500,000, bearing 5 per cent. interest, and payable in 14 years, has been taken at par by the following: $200,000 by Mr. A. Belmont, agent for the Messrs. Rothschilds; $100,000 by the State Bank; $65,000 by the Bank of Commerce; $35,000 by the Merchants' Bank; $100,000 by the Mechanics' Bank and another institution.

Family Jars.—David Brown, living in Kutztown, in this State, recently quarrelled with his wife. She, in consequence, went to live with her father's family, and Brown, in a fit of anger, destroyed the house. While doing so he was shot, and nearly killed.

Hoarding.—A daughter of Dr. Bradman, of Schenectada, has lately been taken by the English in a most barbarous manner. Most arrogant pretences are put forth to justify the deed. The Albany Journal says that it was generally supposed that the board was hazardous.

Suicide.—Mr. Elijah Fitch, known as a traveling dentist last week, near Columbus, Ohio, has been found. Notes have been taken out but the letter packages to New York. The others were all left and have been forwarded to their destination.

A child, the son of Mr. Ellis, of Mill Ville, Ellis, Jr. of South Dedham, (Mass.) fell, with his sister, into the water, last week. A lady in the Cottage opposite hearing the cries of the children, rescued the boy; the girl drowned before she could be rescued.

Attempt to Murder.—A stout mason named Thomas Dorrington, residing at the corner of Bond street and First Avenue, N. Y. was found by the watchman on Sunday evening last, lying senseless on the pavement, with the blood flowing freely from several wounds.

The Powder Mill Explosion.—The Kent Begin, published at Chestertown, Md. says that the damage done by the explosion of the powder mill at Bonaly, Esq. was distinctly felt and heard there—a distance of nearly sixty miles in a direct line.

Military Fete at the White House.—The Secretary of War, in reply to a resolution of inquiry from the Senate, proposes or recommends a line of military posts from the Missouri river to the navigation of the Columbia.

Peaches.—We are sorry to learn that the early peaches in New Jersey are likely to be a failure the present year, most of the buds having been destroyed by frost.

A Gentleman.—A gentleman, according to the idea of some, is a fellow with a vigor in his head and money in his purse, two cents in his pocket, and no sense in his head.

Two sensatives.—A little man observed that he had a great aversion to quadrupeds—a fact that he never lay long in bed, or wanted a great coat.

Accident.—A man named Daniels, fell from the canal bridge, in Utica, last week, and broke his neck. He leaves a numerous family.

Kidnapping.—Two scoundrels, named Josiah Heath and Edward Bell, have been arrested at Baltimore, for assaulting a man named Charles Read, and his wife, in the most violent manner.

A Cat.—We learn that the Unitarian church and congregation at Dover, N. H. have given a unanimous call to the Rev. Asa Farlin, (late of Greenfield,) to become their pastor.

Mason Marsh.—The process has been decided at St. Petersburgh by which their ice is to be melted the present year, most of the boats

THE OLIO.

Variety is the spice of life.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1841.

Answer to the Enigma published in the Saturday Evening Post, of February 8th, 1840.

The Post Waggon drives in Dunstable today
And Accountant (of the Greeks to glory,
The Colonel Bombastes, Indian Chief notice give
Said gallant Hamlet, for to visit Court,
Shipwright's wench must be greater name
Than Lieutenant Governor of Tasmania.
The mightiest hunter of the olden time
Was Nimrod, lover of Juno's proud sister.
Senators Vote, were the Scottish crown,
A monarch worthy of his vast concern.
The noble Swiss was hoist a tyrant's spot
And made his country bleed to death.
If you a banquet would have would first hunt,
Send Caesar, poet of the Sentrick isle.
Your true state how to pinionless page,
Whose name shall live till Time shall die of age.
The initial letters of these lines put together form a sort of Conquest tedious, which "Providence" is, and "Fame's The great—the good—the attended the great one."
Explain them, which the initial WASHINGTON.
Buffalo, March 06, 1840. Sylvan.

A PROPOSED LOSS TO THE LAW.—If the source of a mist, held at a neighboring city, a short time since, an eminent counsellor, well known as a practitioner, in homicide, indictment, false swearing, outrageous, enormous, rancorous, and bloody transactions.

"Sir?"

"Did you ever see Mr. B. knock Mr. D. down?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

ATTORNEY AGAINST MARSHAL.—Jay says that if a man finds very much like getting married, yet imagines that he ought not to, he must remedy he knows of is to help one of his neighbors more a dance *full of furniture*—however clear nine of his children for three days, and then *try*. If that fail, build up a fire of damp wood, and when the smoke in the room is thickest, him a woman to scold him about four hours. If he can stand all these, he'd better get married the next day—give him the post—good luck to him—a last picture!" is the great fun of matrimony. We think the remedy is severe, but as every man is liable to these things after he gets home himself, it would do us harm to try it *before*.

THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE.—When Richard B. Sheridan addressed the House of Commons, upon one of the charges brought against Warren Hastings, a distinguished literary character, who attended the debates, and who was the author of a masterly defence of Hastings, made the following memorable to a friend. At the end of the first hour he said, "All this is declamatory assertion without proof;" when the second was finished, "There is a most wonderful creature ;" at the close of the third, "Mr. Hastings has acted very unjustifiably;" the fourth, "Mr. Hastings is a most atrocious criminal;" and at last, "Of all monsters of iniquity, the most enormous is Warren Hastings."

TOPOGRAPHY OF GOOSE.—In the Holy Land Dunna was barbarous or satirical. Butter was an inn or cousin; Grey and Aldert address refined or fortified. Decorative, whose associations, formed from the sentiments and emotions of the mind, Mr. Hastings was remarkably true in conversation—not a word of fancy or eloquence warmed him. Mr. Fox was animated, but irritable, and was overpowered by the talk of others. Addison and Markets were only observers in society: and Dryden has very honestly told us—" My conversation is dull and slow, my humour reserved and reserved. In short, I am not one of those who endeavor to break jests in company, or make repartees."

AN ARGUMENT OF THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.—At Abbotsford, towards the beginning of January, it was then that Grace is supposed to have said:—In showing her over the house, after dressing her to observe that his bed-room was occupied by a private stateroom with a little study," he added, "Then, you see, when they all think I have retired to bed, I can escape to my study, write for two or three hours, and nobody the wiser." "That is impossible, Sir Walter," replied her grace.

LOVE.—I may possibly be mistaken, but to me it seems that love is the purest and choicest out of all passions and consonants; and that its holy flame should purify our natural inclinations, by somewhat similar to purity in angel. That love succeeds no free temptation, and makes all except the beloved one indifferent to desire. The heart of him who love is not led by, but leads the senses. On the heart depends the happiness of those who love; and if love be absent, nothing can supply its place.

JESUS RECOLLECTIONS.—I had once objected to one, says Jesse Benedict, now living in Virginia Lee yet, an expression of the act of Assembly (of Pennsylvania) that the *State House yard* (in the city of Philadelphia) should not be surrounded by a brick wall, and remain an *open enclosure for ever*?" but I put him down by that act of the Legislature of Virginia which is entitled "a supplement to an act entitled, an act to amend an act making it penal to alter the *mark of an unmarked hog*."

JAMES FISCOTT.—An Irish drummer being employed to beat a deserter through a Virginia Lee yet, an expression of the act of Assembly (of Pennsylvania) that the *State House yard* (in the city of Philadelphia) should not be surrounded by a brick wall, and remain an *open enclosure for ever*?" but I put him down by that act of the Legislature of Virginia which is entitled "a supplement to an act entitled, an act to amend an act making it penal to alter the *mark of an unmarked hog*."

MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.—An old nobleman having married a young girl, was asked how he could possibly at his years hope to possess the affections of so young a blonde. He replied, that he had rather possess a corner of her heart than the whole heart of an old woman, who was tottering into the grave like himself.

JAMES THE FIRST.—Among the addresses presented upon the accession of James the First, was one from the nursing town of Shrewsbury, wishing his majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon and stars endured. "Nay, then," said the king to the person who presented it, " if I do, my son must reign by candle-light."

CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIAN.—A man much addicted to drinking, being extremely ill with a fever, a consultation was held in his bed chamber by them physicians how to "cure the fever and abate the thirst." "Gentlemen," said he, " I will take half the trouble off your hands; you cure the fever, and I will abate the thirst myself."

WALLSBORO.—That's what I call a fair shake," as the Illinois squatter said when he shook his two sides off with the ague.

"That's an original drawing," as the lunatic said, when he lapped the brandy cask.

Correspondence of the New York Commercial Advertiser
Records of the Old Northwest.

ADAMS, Friday, March 6, 1840.

LET me talk of the days of the historical keeping seems now to be in a good degree my own.

On Wednesday that city was visited by two delegations from the Oneida Indians yet remaining on the scanty residue of their reservation at Oneida County. One of these delegations represented the first Christian party, and the other the second—both exclusive of the Orchard clan of Seneca Indians. The former was then headed by a chief whose English name is Moses Schuyler. He is sixty-two years old, of unmitigated Indian blood, and was at most interesting visit in his appearance that I have ever seen. The other delegation was likewise headed by a Schuyler, but of a more common order of men.

The object of both these delegations was to confer with the Secretary of State, the Comptroller, and the Attorney General, upon whom certain duties especially devolved by the act passed by the last session of the Legislature, on the subject of a further sale of their lands, with a view of emigrating to the West, and of placing themselves down in the state of Missouri.

Secretary's office on Wednesday, and the whole matter talked over at considerable length. From the speech of the elder Schuyler it appears that the course pursued last year, of distributing the annuities due them from the State, among the Indians per capita, instead of paying the whole sum to the chiefs for the benefit of the nation, to be disposed of as they should think best, which was the former practice, has been attended with bad effects.

The improvidence of that people renders it inexpedient to entrust them with money; all that was paid over to them was presently squandered: in a very short time their money was entirely gone, and they had nothing to show for it. Their annuities have been reduced from six and three Schuyler, who has heretofore opposed emigration, having become discouraged in regard to the improvement of his people, and convinced in reality, was now disposed to emigrate, and remove to the West. It further appeared from his speech, that a majority of the Oneidas, inhabitants of the Orchards, were also in favor of emigration. On the other hand, the elder Schuyler, and some two hundred of his adherents, were opposed in any further sale of their lands, and expressed a strong desire to remain where they are. If the other party sold, they were desirous of retaining their possessions, and would remove only if compelled by the laws of New York. I gathered from their estimates, that both Christian parties can number, all told, at present day), not more than about three or four hundred souls, of whom about two hundred are opposed to the project of emigration. The rest, however, were either for accommodation than for a positive treaty; and at a second interview, in the evening, the Secretary of State informed them that, for the present at least, it was thought advisable not to hold a treaty, but to allow things to remain as they are, until there can be greater unanimity among themselves. Yesterday morning, therefore, the delegations returned to their homes.

In the course of the day, however, an interview with Governor Seward was sought and obtained by the principal chief of the Onondagas, whose English name is Abraham Le Fort, for the purpose of communicating with his Excellency against the project of emigration, to which it would seem that some of his own people have been moved by white people who wish to obtain their beautiful lands in the valley of Onondaga. Le Fort is a very elegant man, about thirty-five or forty years old, who has been at school at Geneva, and who has exchanged the blanket for the white man's costume. His father was the celebrated *Agon-he-qwat*, or Le Fort, who fell on the Niagara frontier, in the bloody campaign of the battle of Chippewa, in the bloody campaign of 1814. The son, then a stripling, was also on the field of Chippewa.

On being introduced to the Governor, yesterday, by Mr. Archibald Kane, the Indian agent, the chief delivered the following beautiful address:

GREAT FATHER !—Your children, the Onondagas, have sent me to you, and they ask you to open your ears to me, and hear the talk which they have sent by me to say.

FATHER :—Your red children, the Onondagas, are in great trouble. They feel that you can sustain the claims that are continually set up among around them, and can cause the bright sun of peace again to shine upon them, and their white again to be pure, and to grow.

FATHER :—Will you now listen to your children, the Onondagas ? Our white fathers that were before you were wise men, and gave good talks to their children, and to us. We have lain down in their shade and have been safe. We have listened to their advice, and been happy. They told us no longer to drink any more water,—to lay our axes by our hands,—to keep and cultivate them, to raise food for ourselves, our wives, and our little ones. —to have hunting and fishing,—to live as our white brethren did, and like them to be happy and comfortable. We have considered this all true. We have watched our white brothers, and believe this advice to us, *of our* white fathers, to be good. We hunt no more. We have gotten oxen and horses. We cultivate our lands, and are following the advice of our white fathers, and are fast getting into the ways and comforts of our white brethren.

FATHER : You are young in years ; we hope you are old in counsel—so our white brothers tell us, and we believe it. And your red children would like to know what is for your good, and whether it is like our other white fathers, who have set in council before you at the great council fire in Albany, and will be now and then.

FATHER : Will you listen again ! Our Oneida brothers have been in trouble, and have been often to you in council. But they would not listen to you, and now agree that they have listened to bad men, who did not counsel them, like their white fathers for their good. They have sold their lands, received their whole pay, and spent it for strong water : become a poor and wretched, a scattered and wandering people. Many have gone beyond the great waters of the West. Some of them have come among you' red children of the Onondagas, and with the little white lands around them are young people, and planted garrison lodges to leave their fathers and mothers—their brothers and sisters—to go with them to possess the West.—to be led back to hunting and drunkenness.

FATHER—You see that your children, the Onondagas, have not yet sold their lands. They have determined to hold on to them. They will not sell. They will not be persuaded to go to the West. They will not leave the graves of their fathers. They will not leave their children behind them. They will not be persuaded to go to the West. They will not be persuaded to go to the West. They will not be persuaded to go to the West

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Subscribers

THE OLIO.

Tuesday's the motto of this,
That poem is all the theme.

Tuesday.

BY MRS. D. M. LESLIE LEWIS.

Oh! why was the number chosen to be blessed,
When saints are coming to reveal the hour?
And why are they called heavenly, with the basis,
What the wound of glad music shall ring in her ears?
Tis the day of her faithful—they emerge on the night
Can answer have attended between us right?
Is it the vision that her partner in sorrow will meet?
And her father in grief gives his daughter's return?

It is not for those that the number hath gone
To weep in her chamber, disturbed alone,
The Father, that shepherd, counted her not cast—
And she written in deepest in the throne at the Feet.
Her lowest's rich gifts rain from her lover—
She crushes the pearls, and she strides from the rose;
Oh! wonderful that our heart is the gem's best home—
For its touch and affection were instead for gold.

She stands at the altar—no! her vanity and vows,
Are the jewels that shone in her raven black hair;
But Hope's fairy light from her dark eye hath fled—
Her cheek is the hue of the rose of the dead!
The vow-words is pure as a chaplet of music;
But pale as the snow that at midnight is scattered!
And scarce can the bridegroom her trembling form hold,
For her heart, her young heart, has risen heaven'd for gold.

She hath wept for her home—a fond mother's caress,
And her father hath prayed that his child may be blest;
While her bosom is beaming with anguish and pain
Do her mother's sympathy-tears there not rejoice.
She hath gone with her lord to her mansion of pride.
An heaven'd, an exiled, a desolate bride.
For under the pearls, and the satin's rich fold,
Lies a heart that was pierced and shattered for gold.

Oh! bright was the blossom, and green was the leaf,
When she left her first love to the mockery of gold!
And sweet sang the bird in the days of her youth,
Now, now in the grass-leaf, and mother'd the flower!
The gay bird hath flown on a wearier wing,
And her lover hath looked on a fair, long blue eye,
But not on the false one! the valley's strong mould
Lies deep on the heart that was bartered for gold.

INDIAN FIGHTS IN THE SNAKE RIVER.—I have just learned that the Indians offer attempt fishing on the "big river," where it is wide and deep; they generally prefer the shore, creeks, &c. Across these, a net of closely-woven willows is stretched, placed vertically, and extending from the bottom to several feet above the surface. A number of Indians enter the water about a hundred yards above the net, and walking closely, drive the fish in a body against the wicker-work. Here they frequently become entangled, and are always checked; the spear is then used destitutely, and they are taken out, one by one, up on the shore. With industry, a vast number of Salmon might be taken in this manner; but the Indians are generally so indolent and careless of the future that it is rare to find an individual with provisions enough to supply his lodge for a day.—Townsend's *Sporting Excursions in the Rocky Mountains.*

THE PET ANIMAL.—One of our men caught a young antelope, which he brought to the camp upon his saddle. It was a beautiful and most delicately built creature, and, in a few days, became so tame as to remain within the camp without being tied, and to drink, from a tin cup, the milk which a good companion had spared from their own scanty meals. The men christened it "Zip Coon," and it soon became familiar with its name, running to them when called, and exhibiting many evidences of affection and attachment. It became a great favorite with every one. A little pannier of willows was made for it, which was pendent on the back of a mule, and, when the camp moved in the mornings, little Zip ran to his station beside his long-eared lodger, to mount with impatience until some one came to assist him in mounting.—*Ibid.*

WORKS OF BEETHOVEN.—The Grand Austrian Musical Society of Vienna has received a valuable legacy from the late Cardinal Archduke Rudolphe, who was one of its members, and for three years its President. It consists of a complete collection of the compositions of Beethoven, transcribed on vellum, and ornamented on each page with the most beautiful illuminations by the first artists of Vienna, forming sixty-two large oblong volumes, bound in red morocco richly gilt. The Archduke had a copy got up for his own library, for the small pension of upward of £25,000, the writing alone having cost 30,000*l.* Independently of all these pecuniaries, it has left another work of lasting art every piece, before it was engraved, copied and corrected, by the hand of Beethoven himself, on that each line, in fact, the finishing touch of the illustrious composer.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE WITH THE MONEY WASTED IN WAR.—Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire that kings and queens would be proud of. I will build a school house upon every hill-side, and in every valley over the whole habitable world I will supply that school house with a competent teacher; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it;—a college in every state, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in its pulpit an able teacher of holiness and love, so that on every Sabbath morning the chimes on one hill should answer to the chime on another, all vocal with the parish's best music and reverence; and the voice of prayer, and the song of praise should ascend like an incense-cloud before Heaven.—*Sullivan.*

THE BETTER JUSTICE.—A certain Dutch justice of the peace having a sentence made in favorable on the Sabbath day, the constable into whose hand it was put to be served, being a fellow of humor, refused to execute the warrant only to-day. The justice expected it to be of another nature, pressed it, and finding what it was, said in a great passion, "Do you make your boasting on to-day me?" "Why," replied the constable, "see whether or no it is not returnable this day, and should I neglect my duty, you would me deals with great propriety, report to the grand jury and it all probability have me severely fined." "Just this the justice with a loud voice proclaimed, "I sojourns that most all mens Wolfgang!" and called to his son, saying, "Look off de almanac, and see if dat vill be on the Sabbath's day."

TOM DIBDIN AND THE LICENSE.—Tom Dibdin had a cottage near Sheffield, to which, after his theatrical labors, he was delighted to retire. One stormy night after Mr. and Mrs. Dibdin had been in bed some time, Mrs. D. being hugely wrapped round of those nights as a matter, aroused her husband, exclaiming, "Tom, Tom, get up!" "What for?" said he. "Why you hear how bad the wind is?" "Is it?" replied Dibdin, half asleep, but who could not help pausing. "Put a peppermint lozenge out of the window, my dear. It is the best thing in the world for that wind."

WILLEBRAND.—"Do 'ut be in a hurry," as the sheriff said vas the man was swimming away from him.

"How go," as the lightning said to the locomotive.

"Just the thing," as Adam said when he first saw Eve.

"My heart beats high," as the man said when he was up in the balloon.

"Had you not better wait till you are invited," as the blind said when the black snake crawled into his nest.

"What beats it," as the man said vas he was kicked down stairs.

HEARING A NEWSPAPER.—A poetic of Perth, aug 18, has just been sentenced to five days' imprisonment for hearing the Perth Constitutional with all unconcerned of the death of a well known gentleman in Edinburgh, and to which the name of a gentleman in Perth was forged as authority for the truth of the statement.—*English paper.*

The reader may say that an inhered argument is requisite to show the mode and manner of becoming poor. Not many days since we encountered a poor, and she entirely by which wealth might be obtained, and now we claim the privilege of pointing out the path-way of its opposite.

We will take it in the first place for example, a young man who has, at the death of his father, been left a fortune of fifty thousand dollars. Determined to be rich, and to be so speedily, he has now brought up, as it were, in a hand-box. He has been a waiting hand to his parents and grandfather all his life, never stirred, and always attending from the general stock—his experience but ever been upon the side of prodigality. Then he is thrown upon the world inflated with high aristocratic ideas; he looks upon his fifty thousand as a bank inexhaustible; it came to him easily, it goes with the same facility. Incapacitated by the art of acquisition, and perfectly experienced in that of spending money—thoughtless too of consequences, and unacquainted with the value of time—he soon becomes the never known dress only in theory, he glides along smoothly in the channel of imprudence, extravagance and folly—sometimes checked by additional encroachments upon the general stock—but until the expenditures by one-half exceed the income. The thousands one day, year following year, and resolution after resolution is made to become more frugal, but procrastination, like a witching thief, steals on until it is too late. That which is lost, never will be found. The contracted have become to second nature—indolence is the result of necessity—the last dollar has taken its flight, and left him, who was once the proud owner, a homeless, houseless pilgrim, subject to the scorn and contumely of the world. The possessor of fifty thousand dollars is now a mendicant, because of his money, has forsaken him. The shrine at which he worshipped has been rudely shattered by his own unskilful hands.

Time has he passed through the ordeal, and landed in an unenviable haven. Old friends, who once surrounded the social board and cheered the midnight hour with the sparkling bowl are no more to be found. Their good feeling was based upon that which perishes. How often do we see those, the cause upon the wrong side of fortune—who were courted by the gay, and caressed by us in unmeasurable throng of self-interested friends, lay prostrate in the low bogged and pitiless. It may be enquired, who is the rich man? or is what does riches consist? In one sense, he is rich who possesses a large amount of this world's goods, and in another he is equally so, who possesses a competency, and is contented with his lot. Some are actually poor, but they are not so considered in debt beyond their present or probable means to liquidate such claims. The most convenient mode then of getting actually poor, is to become the paltry debtor—to indulge in credit for the actual necessities of life, spend the current income for the superfluities—pay cash at the end of the grog; go on in the tide of folly, and dispose of five dollars one day for a comfortable repast, and have the constable pay a visit at the end of the grocer or flour merchant's bill for the adjustment of a bill, demanded by the actual wants of nature.

If there be misery, it is also easy to form acquaintances with abject poverty by misapplying it. There are a thousand ways, by which at the present thing in the world—because poor, though some of which are most perfectly innocent, be thus by injudiciously disposing of available funds for that which is not only useless but injurious, and are rendered so. Let any one follow this course to the letter, and our word for it, poverty in all its fascinating forms will be his constant companion. They who have tried the experiment, know it, and those who wish to make the trial will find it so.

The Sidewalk.

But blessings, and ten thousand blessings, be upon that day! and let myriads of thanks stream up to the throne of God, for the inestimable gift to man. As I have set in some lovely spot, with the sweetness of May around me, on a week-day, I have thought of the multitudes of immortal creatures, toiling for their daily pittance of bread and water, amid the whirl of machinery, and the greedy carriage of mercantile gain; and, musing, I have gotten interval of time, but lain before me in all its brightness—a time, and a perpetually recurring time, in which the thousand blessings on this day—the friend of man and heart! The kapid world rub it of its health-ful freedom, on the one hand, and coop man up in his working dungeons, and cause him to walk with downcast eyes and despair, and spend his liberties would desecrate all its sober character on the other. God, and the sense heart and steel-ing sense of our countrymen, preserve it from both these evils!

Let us still avoid puritan rigidity and French dissipation. Let our children, and our servants, and those who toil for us in vaults, and shops, and factories, between the intervals of solemn worship, and the freedom and walk in the face of heaven and the beauty of earth, for, in the great temple of nature, stand together health and piety. For myself I speak from experience, for I have spent many delightful hours on a Sunday, and like Isaac, meditate in the fields; and, especially in the sweet tranquility, and amid the gathering shadows of evening; and never, in company or in closet, did more hallowed influence fall upon my heart. With the twilight and the hush of earth, a tenderness like stillness upon me—love for every creature on which God has stamped the wonder of his handiwork—but, especially, for every child of humanity; and then I have been more to feel, than ever before, that the sense heart and steel itself for its rest, and no teaching like the touching of the Spirit, which comes, and still comes, shadows, the world with its wing.—*Hervie.*

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

From Bridgeman's Gardener's Assistant.

March.

As the Spring progresses, the external air will be soft and salubrious; at which time it should be freely admitted to plants kept in rooms and greenhouses. In proportion as the plants get air, they should have water applied from the rose of a watering pot.

Monthly Roses will require attention this month. It should be recollected, that it is from the young wood of these plants that buds are to be expected; their growth should, therefore, be encouraged, by admitting sun and air at all opportunities, and water when necessary.

Primulas.—There are several species of plants under this name, which exhibit their blossoms in March and April; some of which are very beautiful, as the Polyanthus, English Spring Flowers, Auricula, &c.; but I would now direct the reader's attention to the Chinese varieties, many of which are pure white, and others of a blue color. They are first raised from the seed sown in the Spring, and will keep two or three years.

Plants that are full grown, will commence blooming in December, and continue to produce umbels of flowers for five or six months, if well cultivated. Some of my plants, especially their prime this month, at which time a little water should be applied to the earth about twice a week.

Many species and varieties of seeds may be sown this month in the beds.

Auricula, Polyanthus, and all other species of *Primula* should sown this month. Mignonette, Nemophila, Ten Week Stock, and Dahlia seed, from choice varieties, may also be sown in pots, and these should be taken when the plants are up, that they be not injured by excess of moisture.

There are some splendid varieties of the Stock-gillyflower which deserve attention at an early season. They are rather difficult of cultivation in pots, being apt to suffer by excess of heat or moisture; and often, when in full bloom, die off from the effects of the sun. Avoid this, and you will have a splendid show of flowers.

Hyacinths, Narcissus, and other bulbs in glasses, must have the water shifted every week, and the glasses should be thoroughly washed every time or three weeks.

Toward the end of the month, roots of *Anemones, Ranunculuses, Gladiolus*, and other bulbs and tubers, that were left in the earth after leaves have been preserved dry through the winter, may now be planted in pots and kept in a greenhouse or hot bed, where they will flower early in May. Those who have no such conveniences may, however, delay the planting of second month until even-ing, when all think of their being planted in warm borders.

Dahlia roots should now be plunged in a hot bed, to forward them, with a view to their being separated, as soon as the eyes are discernible.

Twilight.

BY HALLECK.

There is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passions, like the winds, are hushed to rest,
And the eye sees tales fast grow dim,
And the ear thrills to the song more,
The wish a sometimes feeling of regret
For joys gone by, and a contentment
And deeper sense of present rest,
And fonder sense of the fast coming night.
But Hope is round us with her angel lay,
Stilling all our sorrows to a pleasing sleep;
Dear are her whispers still, tho' lost her early power.

In youth the sun comes up surrounded with her glow;
He wears his brightest there; her smiles sing
With Heaven's own music, and the note of woe
Is all unheard amid the song of joy.
Left a little world of bliss is now newly born.
We know not, cared not for the past,
Plunged with the present hour, and bade the future rest.
Then manhood's evening twilight comes,
With deepening hues and softer tints,
And sobered thoughts and feelings,
Like the twilight of the summer sky.
Not the twilight of the heart,
Not the twilight of the heart,
Not the twilight of the heart,